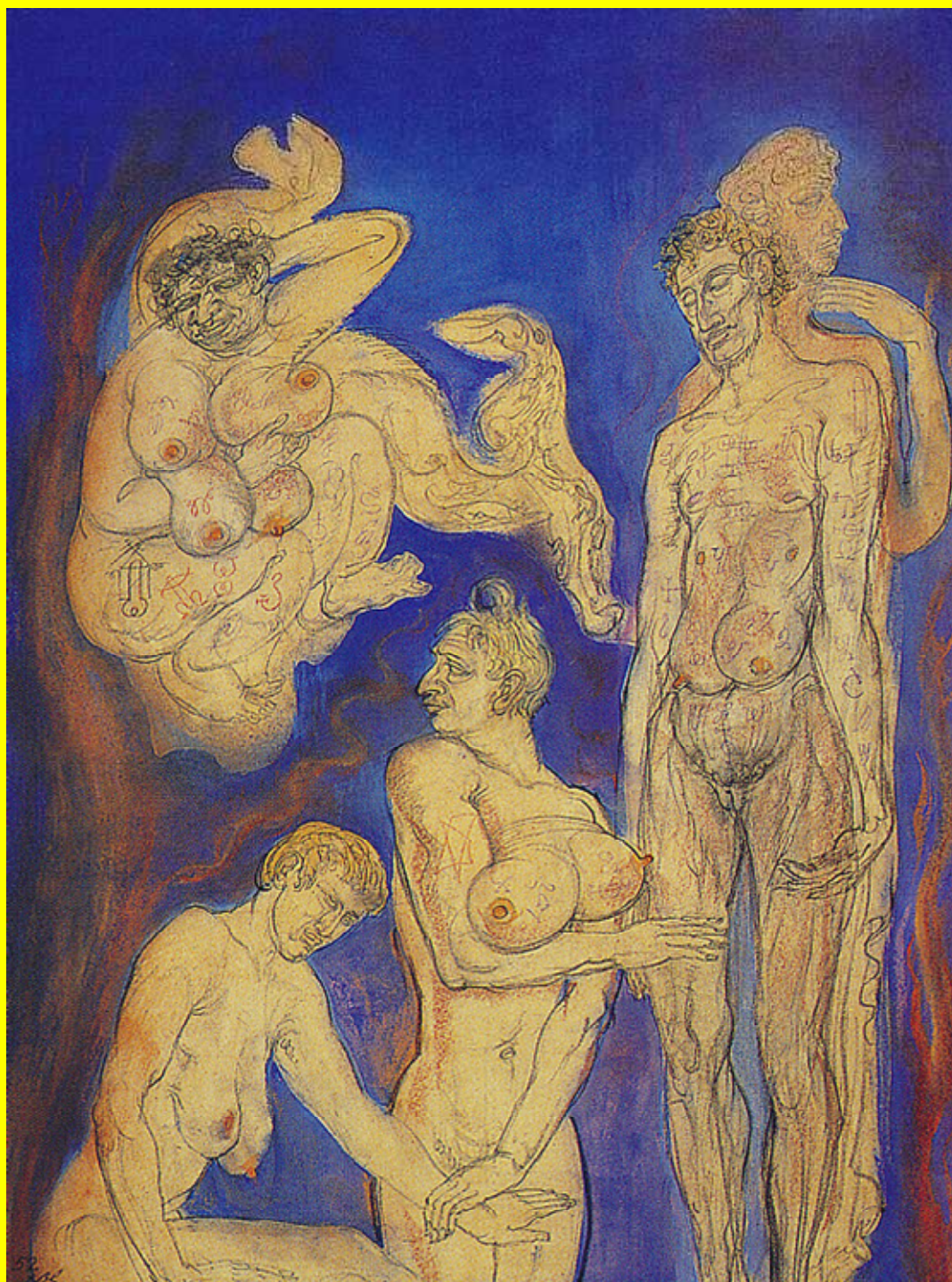


TRAMAS DE LUZ



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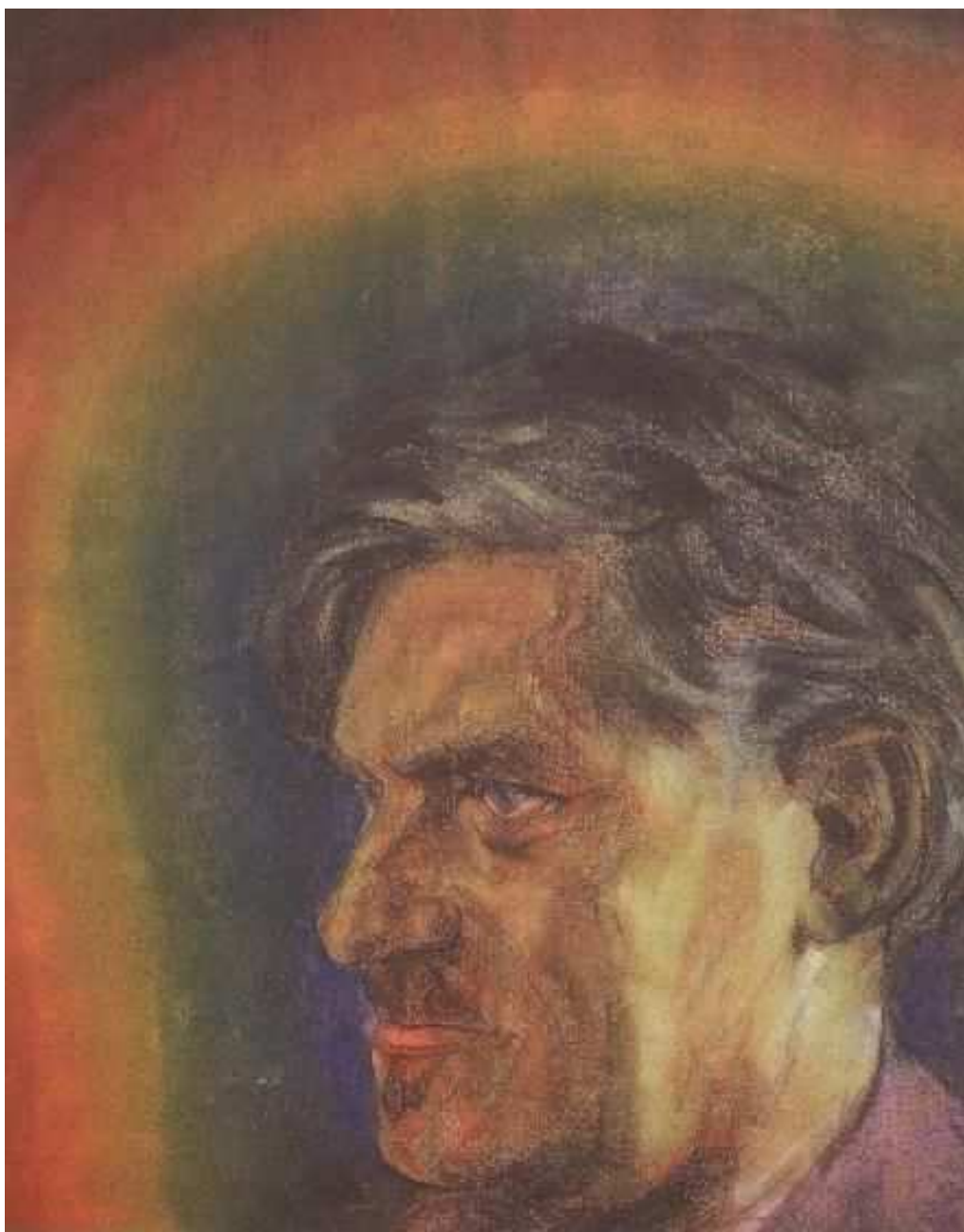
Austin Osman Spare



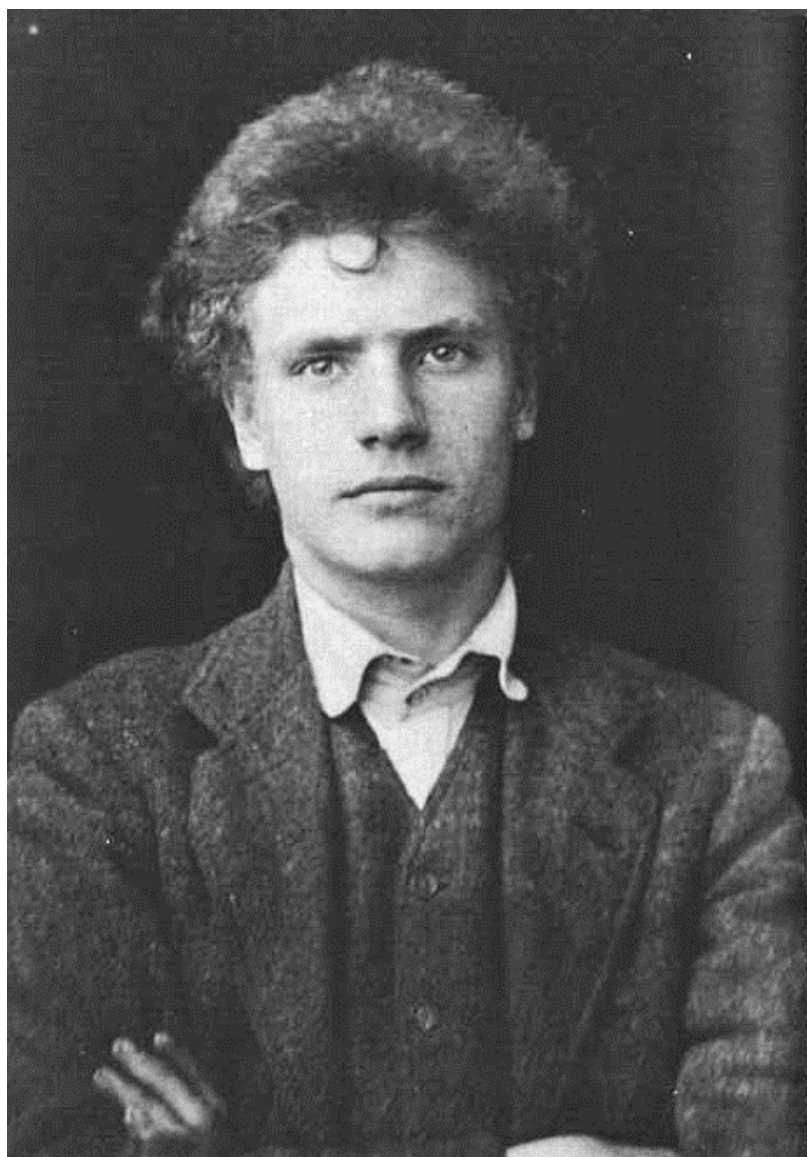
Autorretrato de Osman Spare (1907)



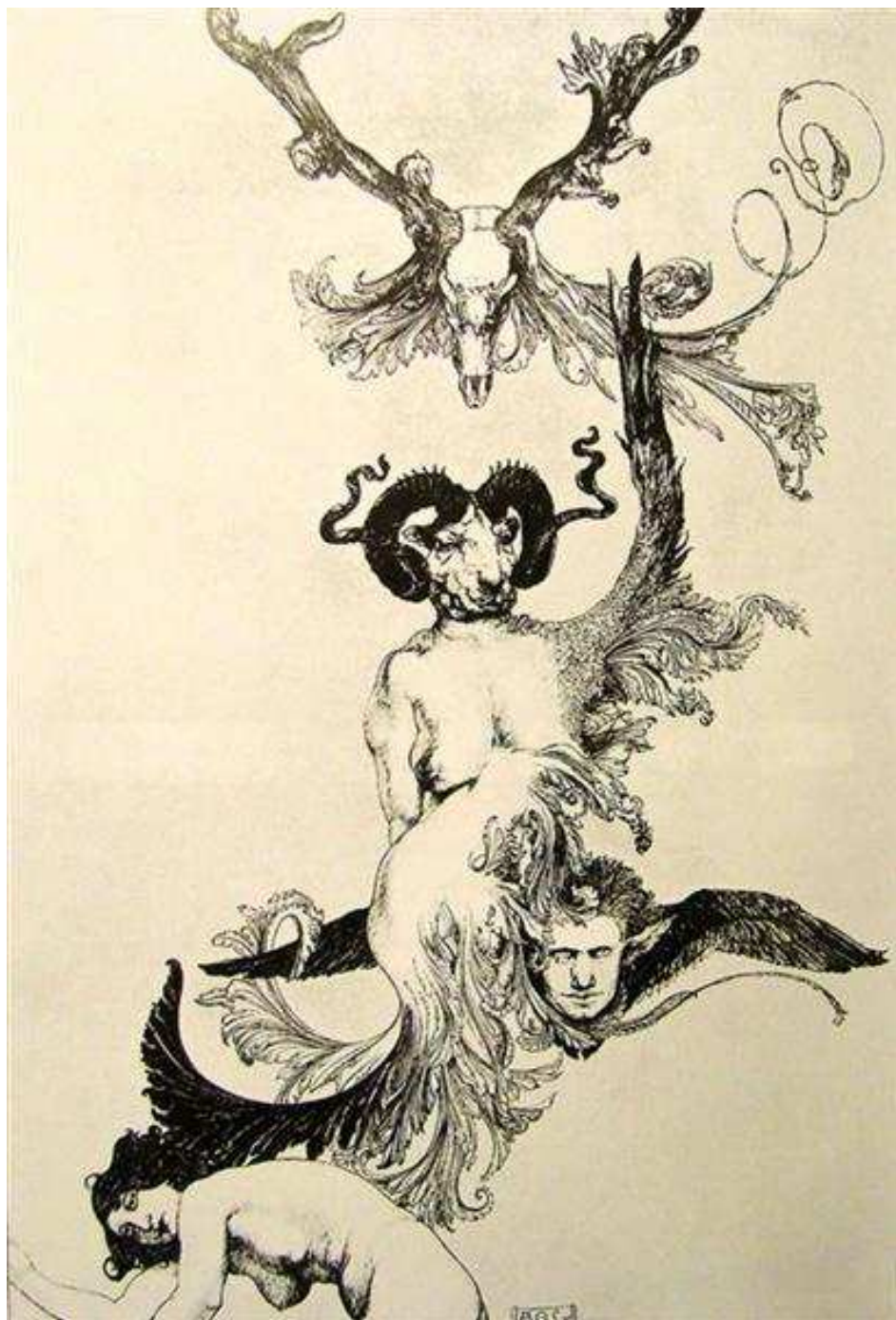
Autorretrato de Osman Spare



Autorretrato de Osman Spare



Retrato fotográfico de Osman Spare



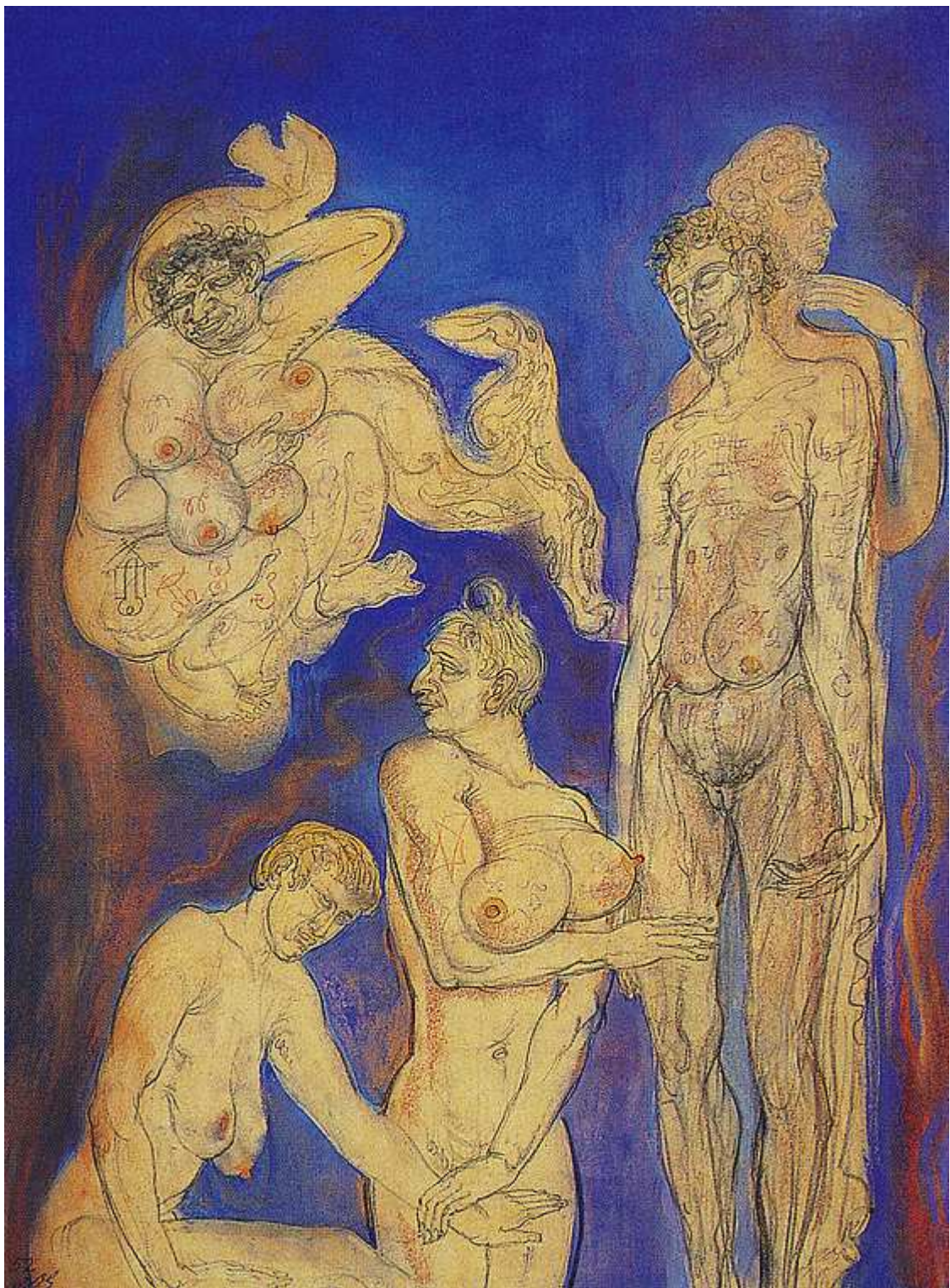
Ascensión del Ego de Éxtasis en éxtasis (1913)



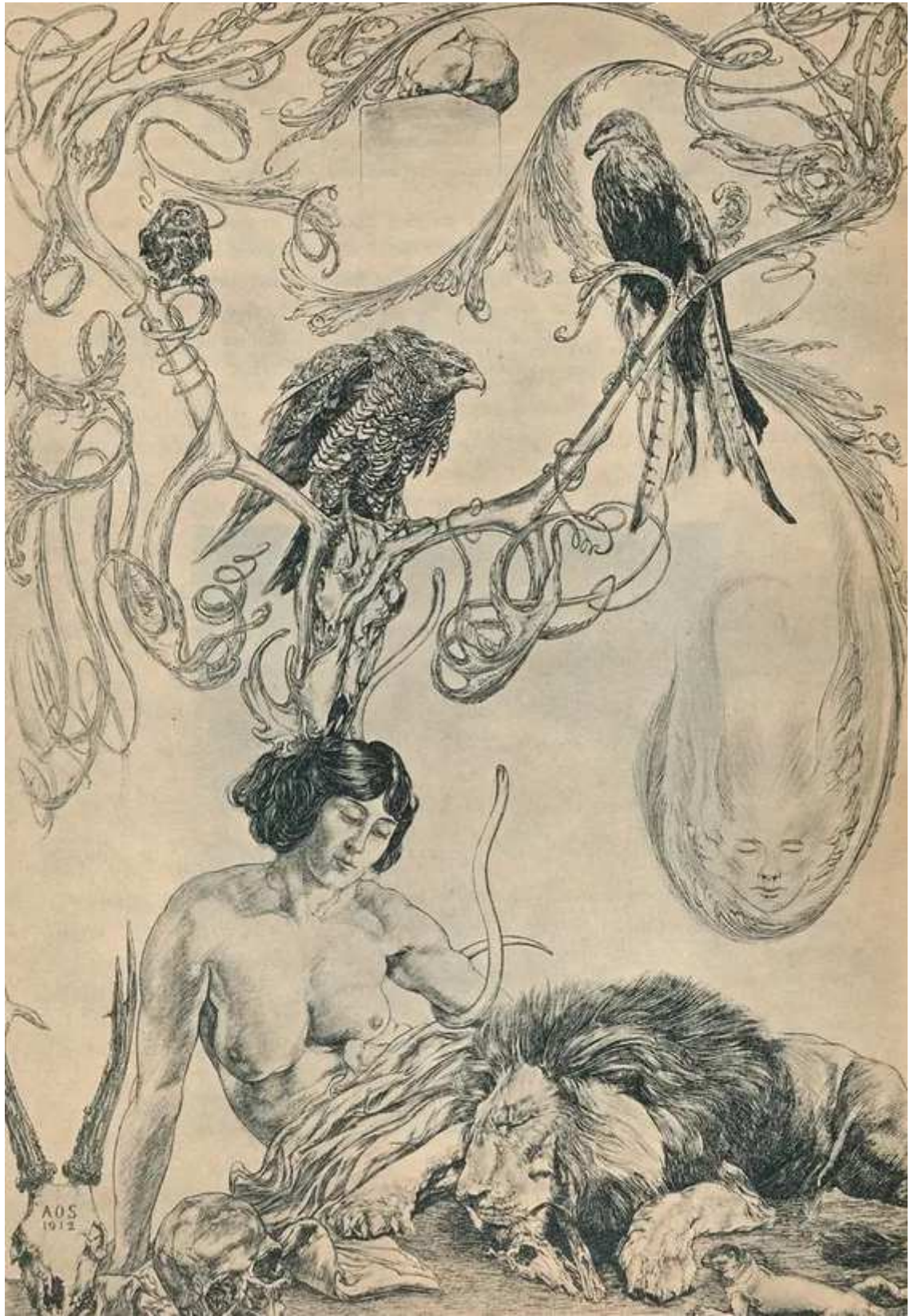
Emanaciones del Ego (1913)

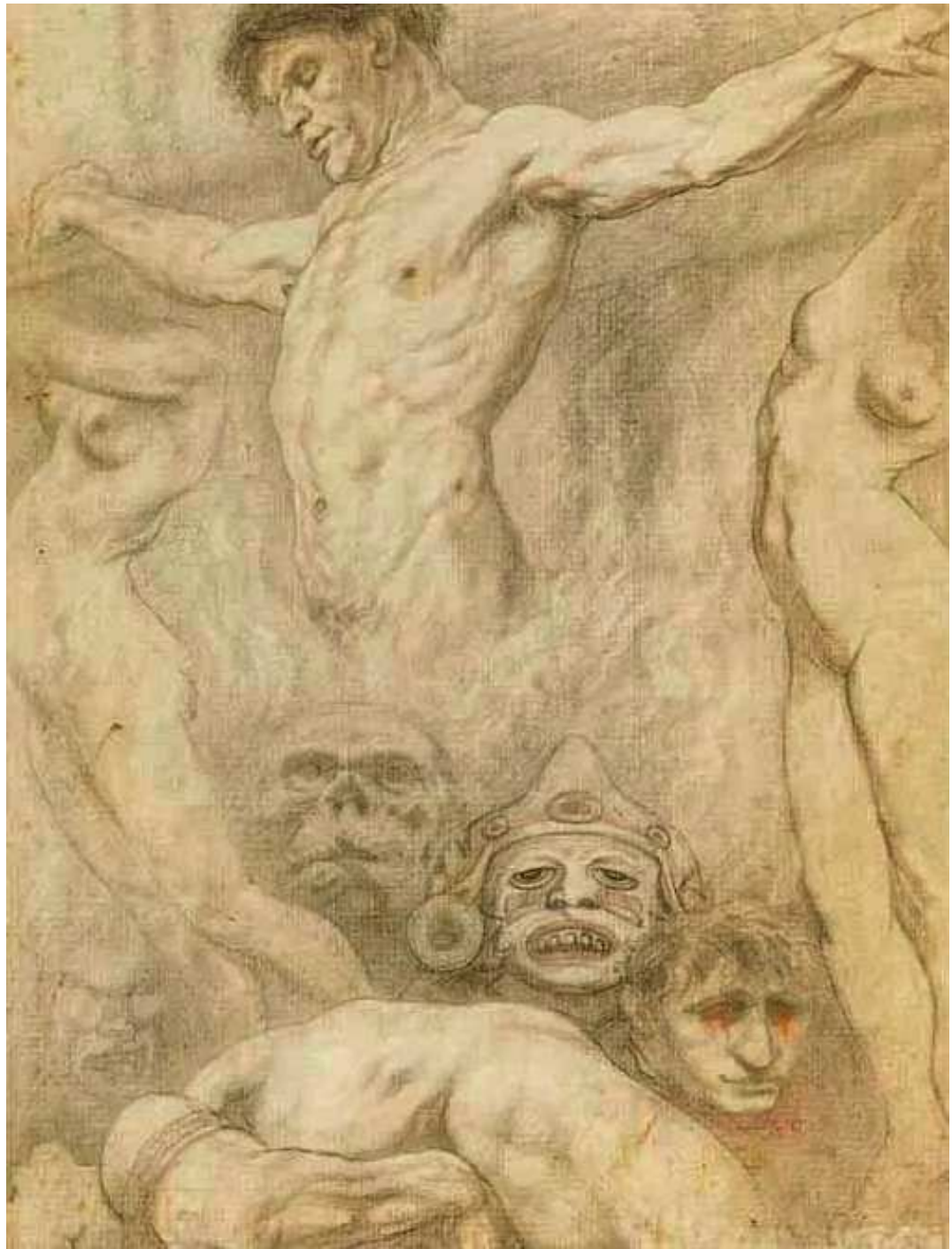


Dr. Flora Murray Working at Her Desk Observed by a Unnamed Man to Her Side (1918)
La doctora F. M. trabajando en su despacho observada por un hombre sin nombre



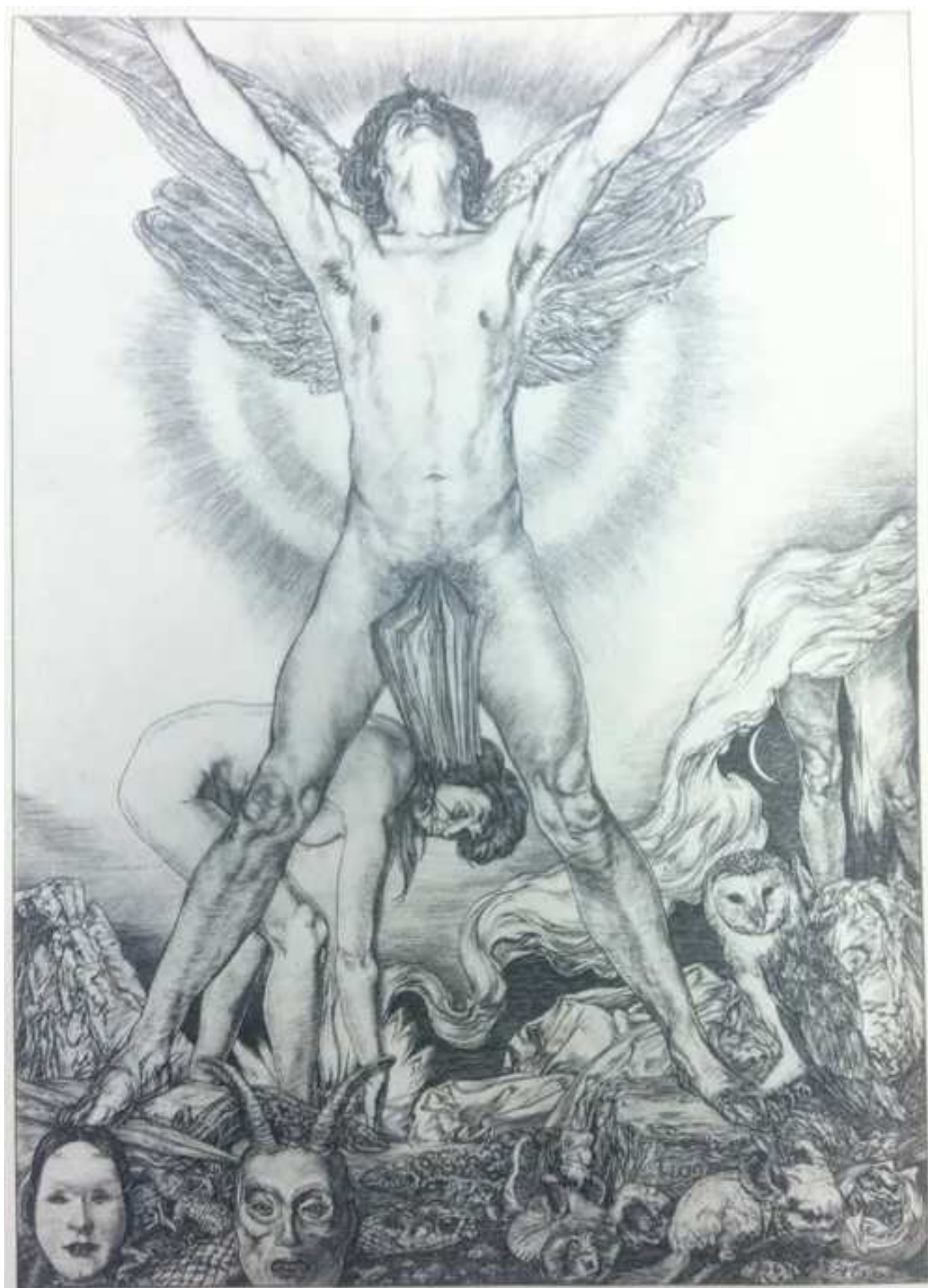
Afloramiento (1952)



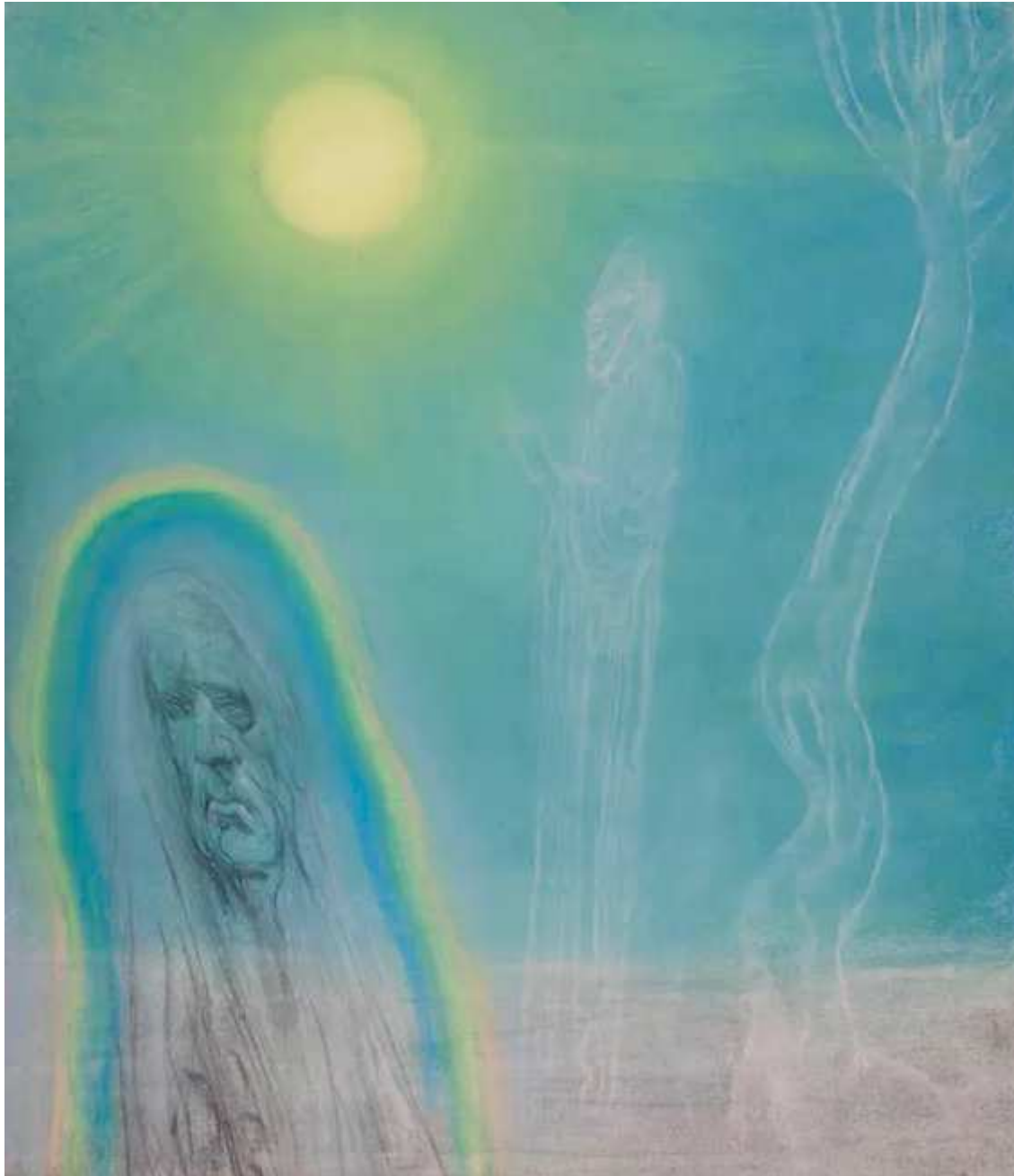


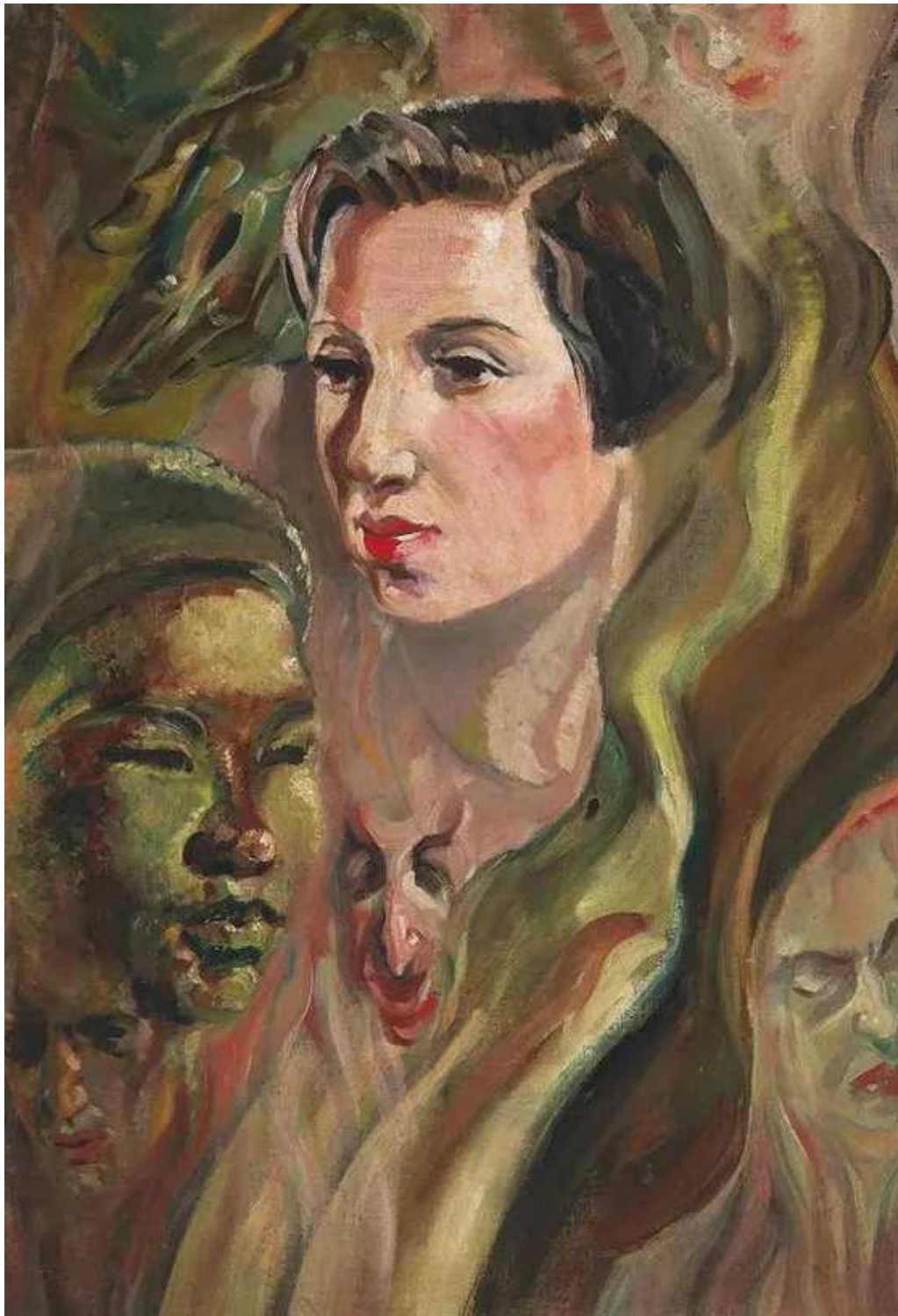




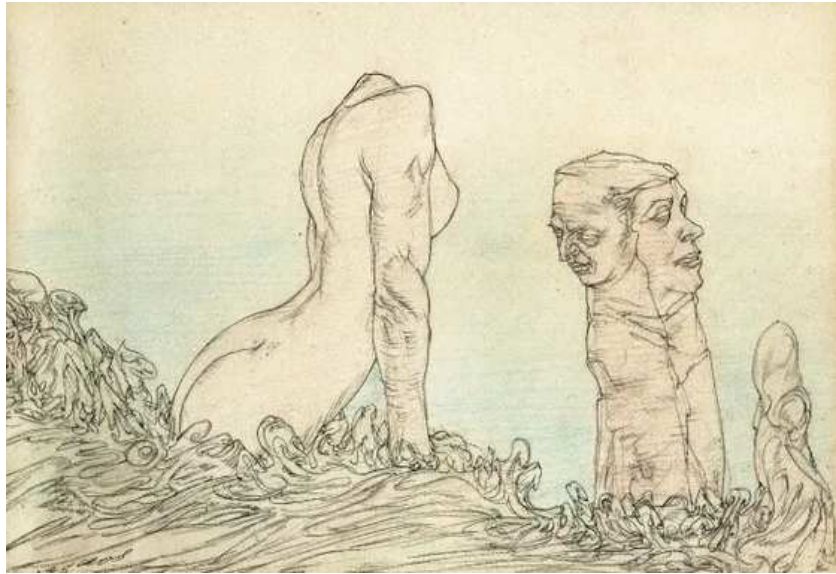


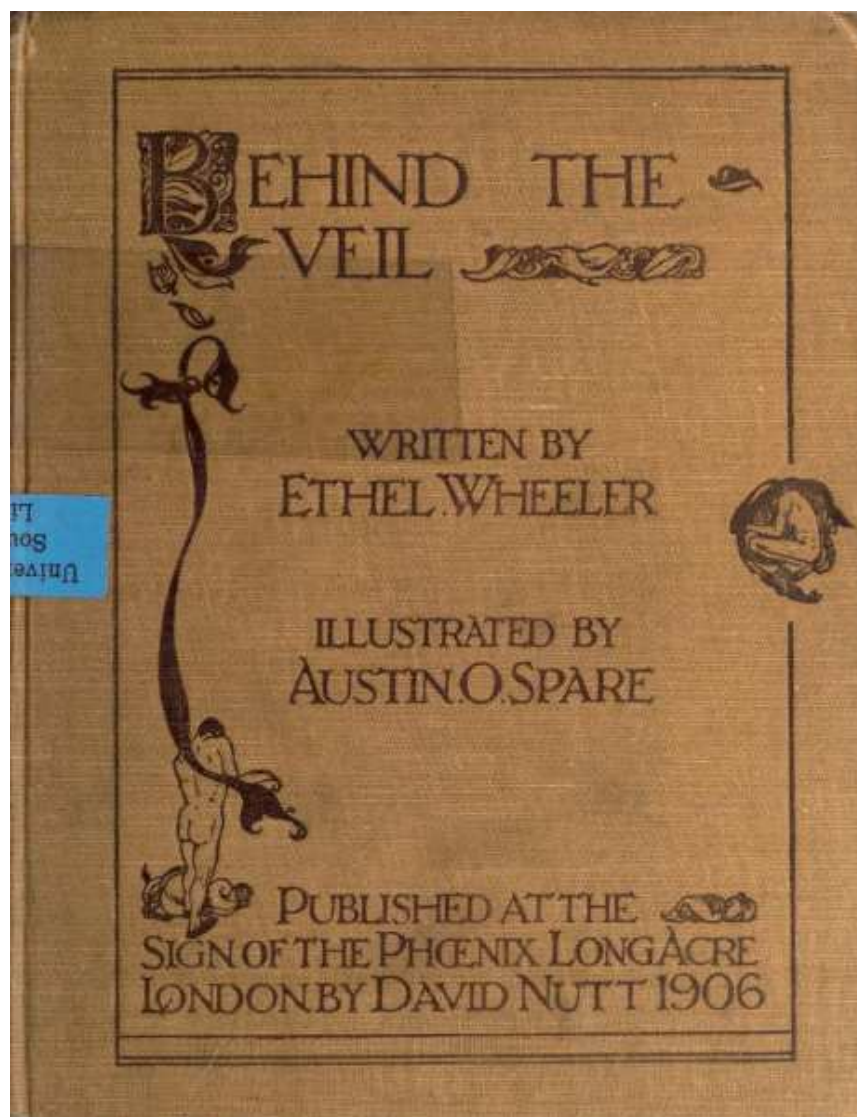
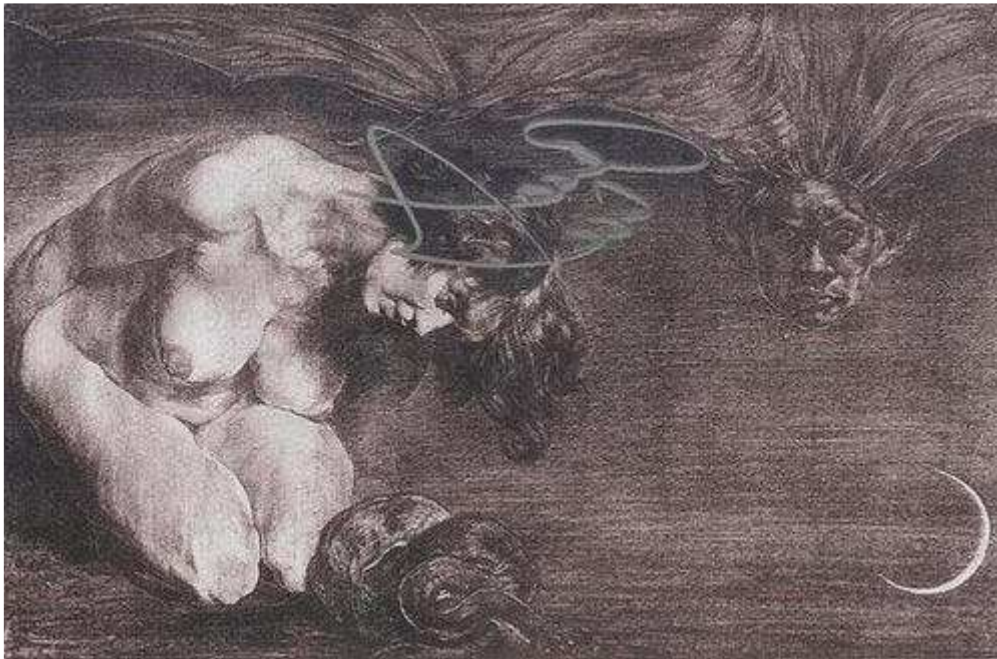












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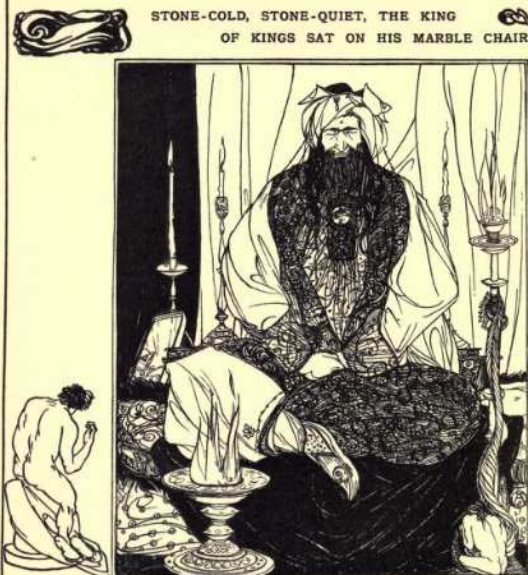


BEHIND THE VEIL

WRITTEN BY 
 ETHEL ROLT WHEELER
 ILLUSTRATED BY 
 AUSTIN O. SPARE



PUBLISHED AT THE SIGN OF THE PHOENIX
 LONDON, BY DAVID NUTT, 1906



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I

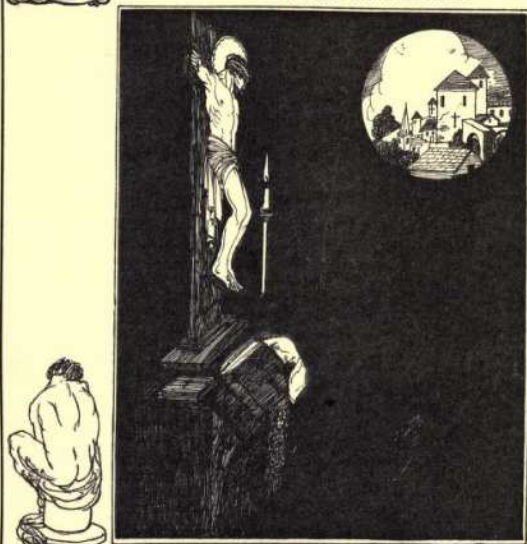


CROSS the columns of sunshine, falling on the heads of the musicians between the columns of stone, I felt the eyes of the African weighing like lead upon my quivering eyelids. The place of the musicians was on the left side of the steps of the throne: but by reason of the faint delicacy of the notes of my instrument, my seat was set at the extreme limit of the line dividing the slave boundary from the court of the King of Kings. As I waited the turn of my five-stringed instrument, I could see, through lowered lashes, the rainbow-glimmer of those marble throne steps; sometimes the purple shadow of the royal robes seemed to touch with a sombre glory the edge of vision; but the eyes of the African weighed like lead upon my quivering eyelids, which pulsed fiercely to be raised; though for a slave to look upon the face of the King of Kings, bore the penalty of death by torture. Day after day, when the gold of afternoon cut its tiger-stripes upon the shadowy floors, we passed silent-footed through the cool corridors about the Throne-Chamber, into the awful silence of the Presence itself. The air thrilled with the terrible quiet of power; a fear that was splendid because of the mightiness of its cause, wrapped the limbs



Page 3

THE CRUCIFIX GAVE, NIGHT AND DAY,
A PALE INTERIOR LIGHT



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III

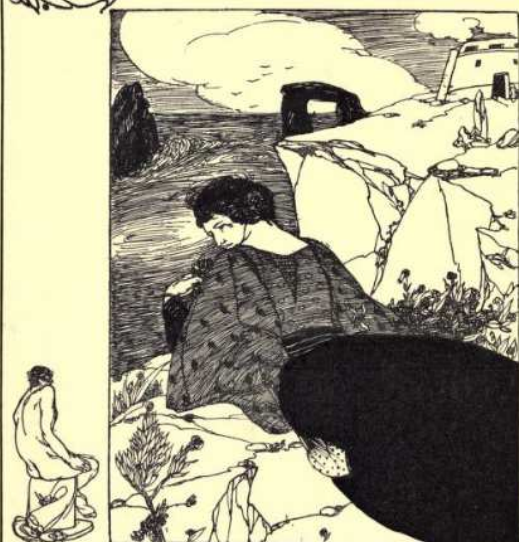


HE crucifix gave, night and day, a pale interior light, so that I was independent of the outer light that only sparsely penetrated to me. I had been built into my cell, which was within the convent church: walls ten feet high were about me, and over them flowed in great waves the rolling music of the Mass. The atmosphere was heavy and sacred with incense: a darkness almost tangible, washed with misty gold, reached me when the candles burned on the high altar, and the attenuated day came to me a clouded grey, that still held at its core some reminiscence of holy colour—of blue and of red and of green—out of those great stained windows that I could not see, that told the tale of the Birth, and the Death, and the Resurrection. I had chosen the rule of the anchoress in my order, as being the most strict to discipline my weakness, that I might receive no distraction from the outer world but the food necessary to keep the body in life, and the one word with the sister who passed it through the grating. For, when I took my vows, the flesh was strong against the spirit, and I knew I should find no peace until earthly desires were dug out to the very roots and wholly consumed. And so I shut



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THE SEA HAD ALWAYS
POSSESSED MY THOUGHTS



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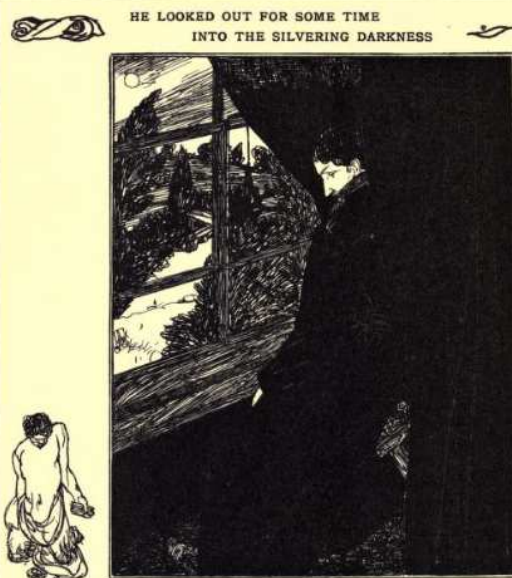
IV



LAY along the rocks, and leaned my hand over till it reached the waters. The grey sky was low upon the grey sea. I shut my eyes, and felt the cold, slow movement of the waves through all my body. What far strands did they touch, these waves, remote from the monotony of our shores? The sea had always possessed my thoughts. In childhood it was haunted to me by the black and terrifying mystery that ever threatened its horizon. For when they took me to the little church, and I heard the people praying, 'God, deliver us from the wild Northmen!' I clamoured to know what the prayer meant; and they told me how at times the sea would grow dark with pirate-ships, and part before the fierceness of their onslaught; and how the sea-wolves who manned them would bring fire and ruin to quiet places, slaying the men, and carrying off the women to slavery. These words, not rightly understood, filled me with the huge and vague imaginings that make childhood horrible, and night was big with indefinable fears. For whole months I dared not lift my eyes over the sea lest a still more terrifying reality should meet them. Perhaps it was because I avoided the sight of the sea, that it claimed an increasing empire



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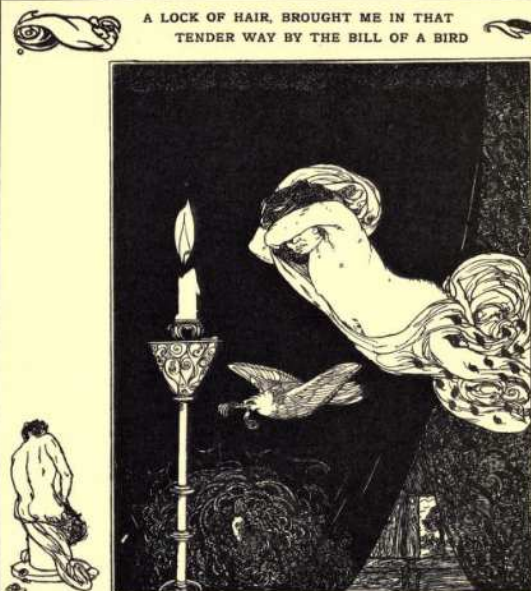


THE WHEELS REVERSED

WE have been friends for exactly ten years,' said Thornhill Morris in a low voice, 'it is time to say good-bye.'

Dr. Wallscourt gazed at him for a moment in speechless amazement. 'Look here, Thornhill, I'm not fool enough to suppose that you want to break with me simply because I happened to turn idiotic in our climbing expedition to-day. It was a nasty bit, and—well, my nerve isn't what it was. . . . I know I nearly killed you, and myself into the bargain. Oh, I am willing readily to accept the lesson. I'm getting old—my forty years are beginning to tell; no more giddy heights for me. It's a stage we've all got to come to sooner or later, and your cooler head and greater powers of endurance hardly justify you in so very blatant a piece of cynicism as your remark implies.'

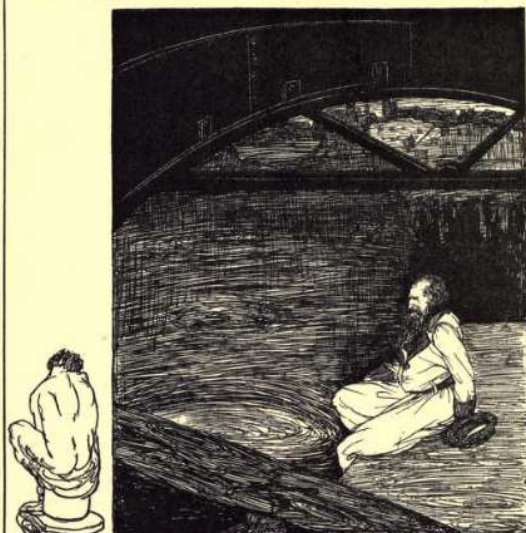
Morris, who looked a good deal younger than the doctor, drew his chair closer to his friend and laid a hand upon his arm. He had a grave and pleasing face, which would have looked quite ordinary, but for some indefinable quality of melancholy, that gave it an elusive, haunting interest. His actions were usually marked by a certain old-world stateliness, but to-night his native dignity had deserted him;—he seemed agitated and restless.



THE CURL

WE were sitting on the terrace of an old French château, sipping coffee and smoking cigarettes. It was a hot autumn afternoon. The tapestries of the woods were worked in the faded colours of decay; they rustled with the sentiment of the lost, the past, and the dead. The warm sun had raised a wavering veil of moisture about them, and in allowing for its influence one was inclined to exaggerate the definition of leaf-line underneath,—that delicate definition, incident on the sparseness of autumn, which charges the smiling abundance of summer with the first exquisite thinness of renunciation, to sharpen later into the hard features of winter asceticism.

Beneath the tobacco smoke my old friend's face showed shrivelled and wrinkled with a like delicacy of line. Its sentiment of expression was almost one with the sentiment of this essentially French moment of the year. The woods were sad, but they were more happy than sad; with them it was the time of dreams, and they were haunted by the fragile loves of a vanished spring. The sorrow that was in them was plaintive, wistful,—almost a tender impersonation: theirs was the sentiment of sorrow, its iridescence and play, unconscious of any depth or darkness of suffering.



THE MURKY POOL



WAS exploring the byways of the Docks at Rotherhithe for the purpose of catching local colour upon my mental palette, to be afterwards transferred to the pages of the realistic novel I was engaged upon, 'The Submerged Soul.'

I had chosen an unpropitious night, if I sought for realism. The mist, thinned and radiant with moonlight, set a haze of beauty over the commonest objects: the prosaic glare of infrequent street lamps softened into misty suggestion; the warehouses were turned to rich darkness, or glimmered with silver dreaminess ahead. I passed through wooyards whose alleys were lined with straw-coloured gold, whose turrets towered into a white immensity. I caught, up vistas, the frail lines of mast and rope intertangling spars in airy crucifixion. It was as if the souls of inanimate things had escaped from bondage, and hung, half-materialised in the medium of the moon, about the deserted wharves and ways.

I came in my wanderings upon a murky pool, back of the river, surrounded on all sides by tall warehouses, except where it communicated under a dilapidated bridge with an ancient stagnant canal. There was desolation about the

FINIS



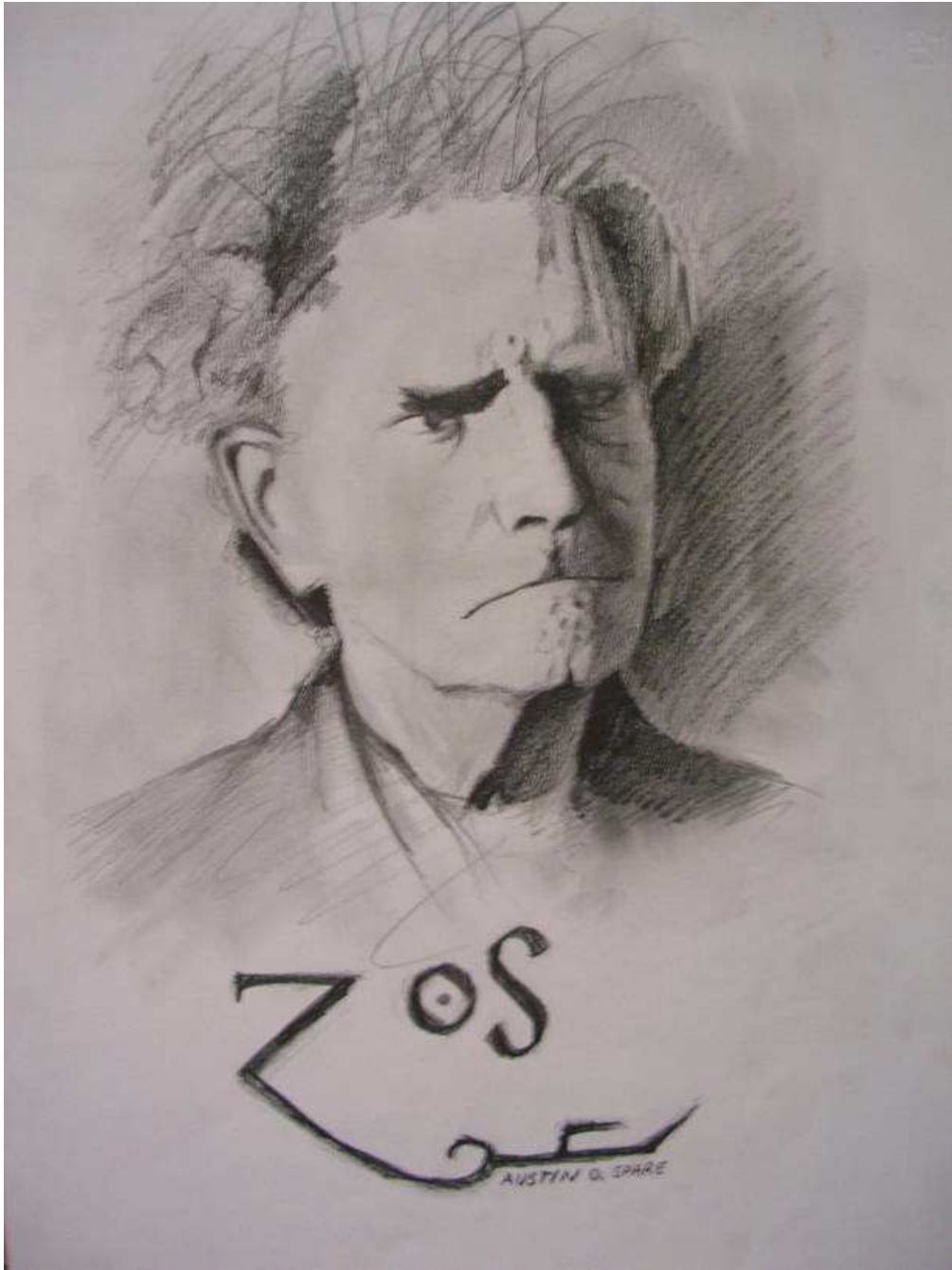
Printed by T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to His Majesty
at the Edinburgh University Press



Osman pintando durante una de sus sesiones de trance



El estudio de Austin Osman Spare (1907)

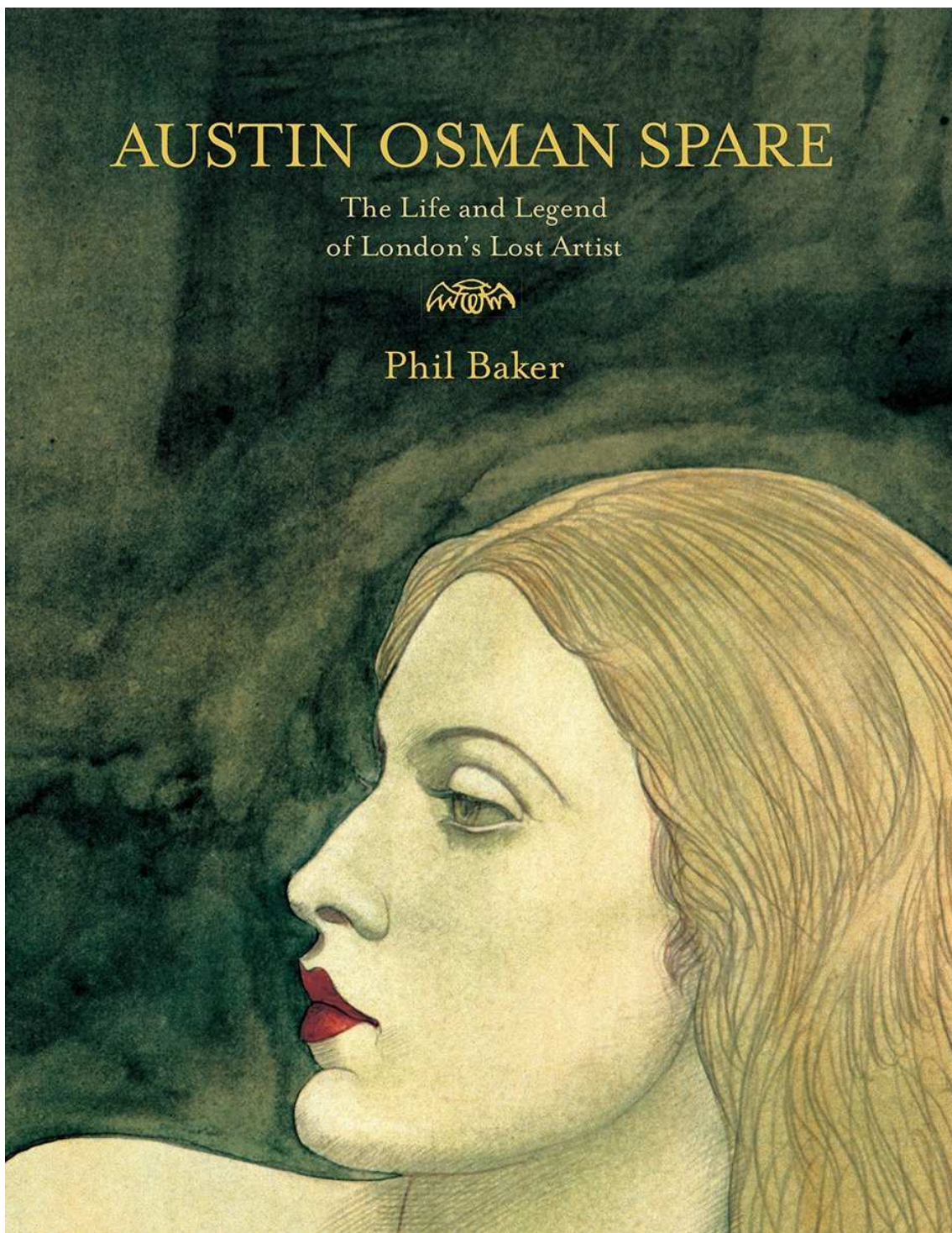


AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

The Life and Legend
of London's Lost Artist



Phil Baker





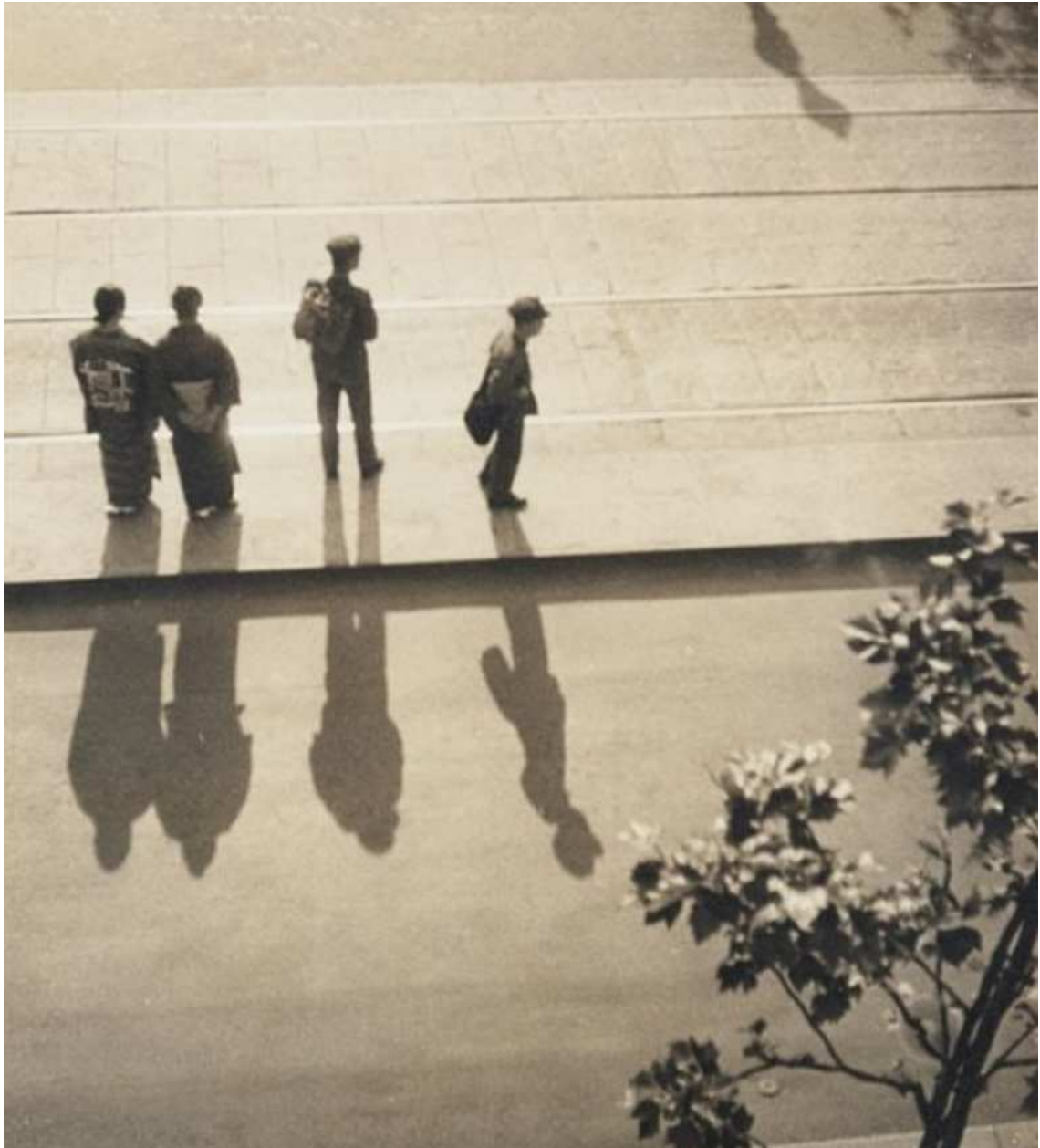
<http://www.agenteprovocador.es/publicaciones/el-combate-astral-entre-osman-spore-y-adolf-hitler>

Retrato de Hitler y detalle de la dedicatoria

Solo desde mis negaciones podría concebirlo a usted de alguna manera. Aún no conozco coraje suficiente para digerir sus aspiraciones y fines. Si usted es el superhombre, permítame entonces ser por siempre animal. ZOS 1948

Shikanosuke Yagaki



















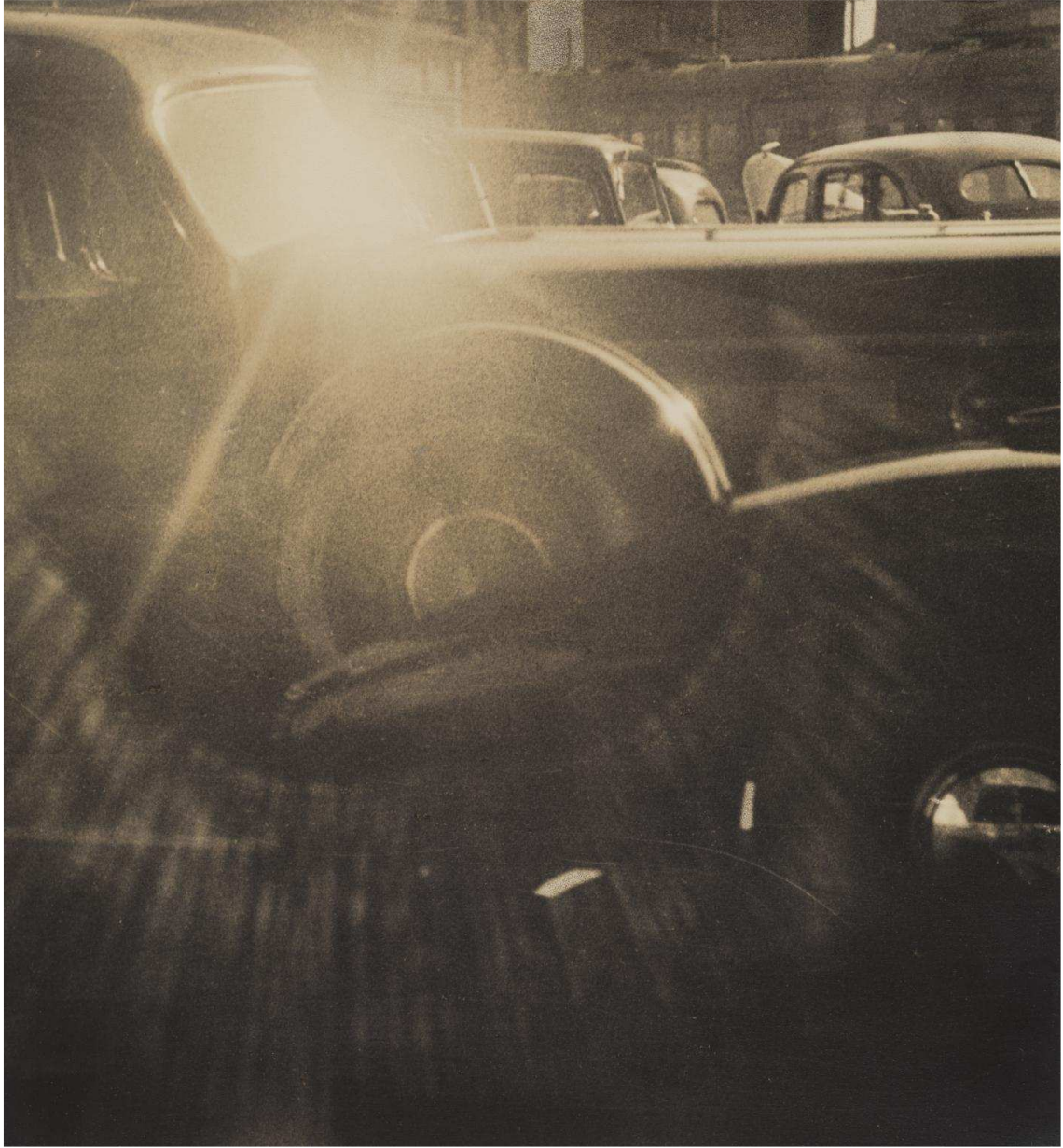


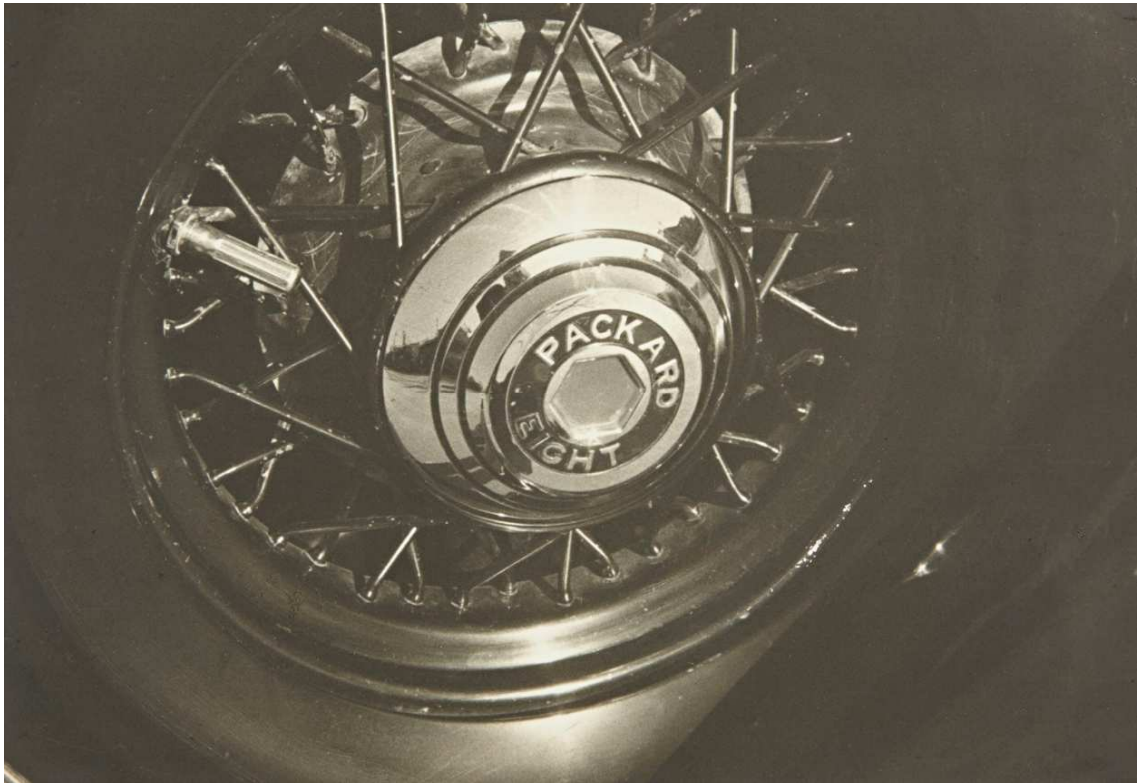


















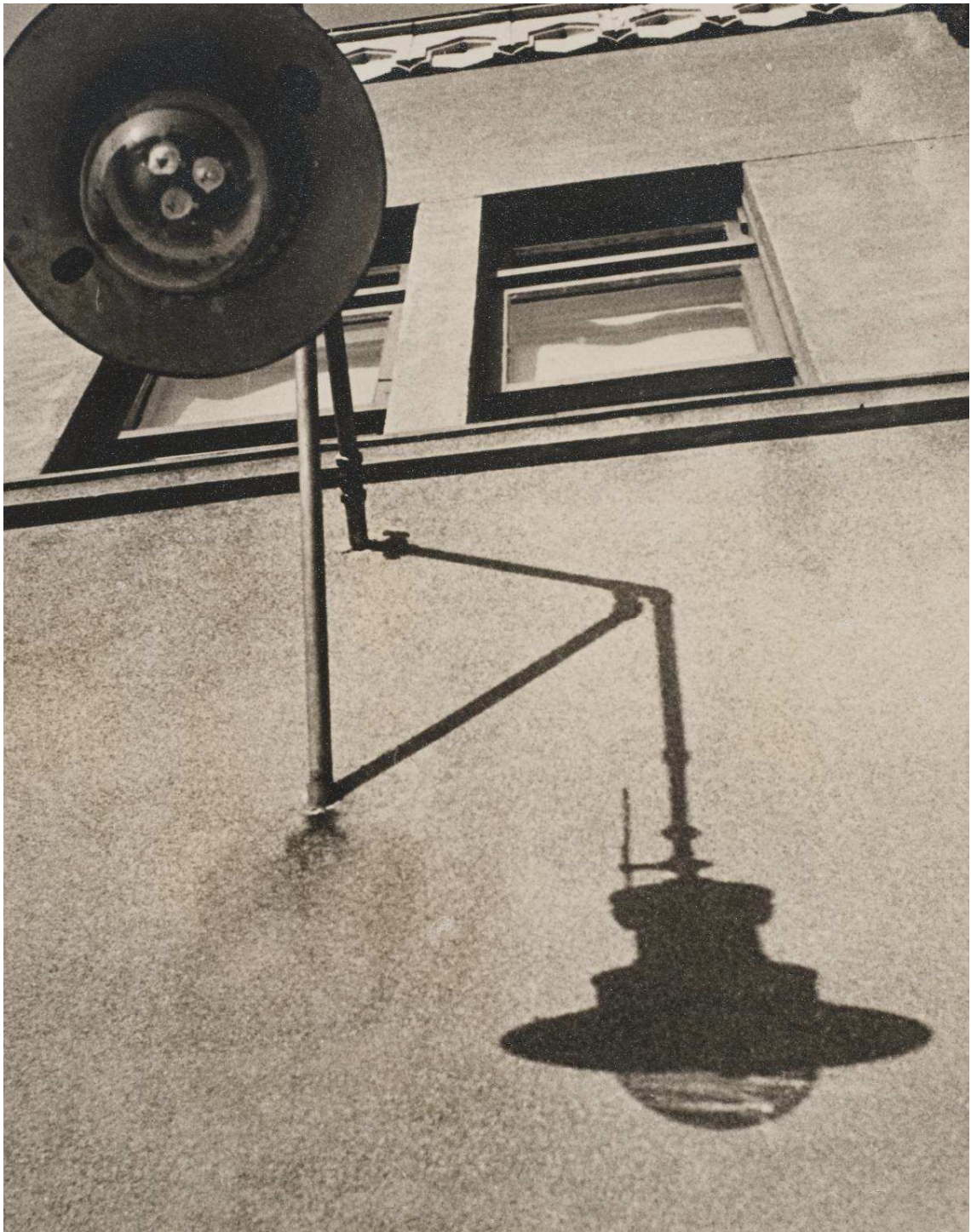








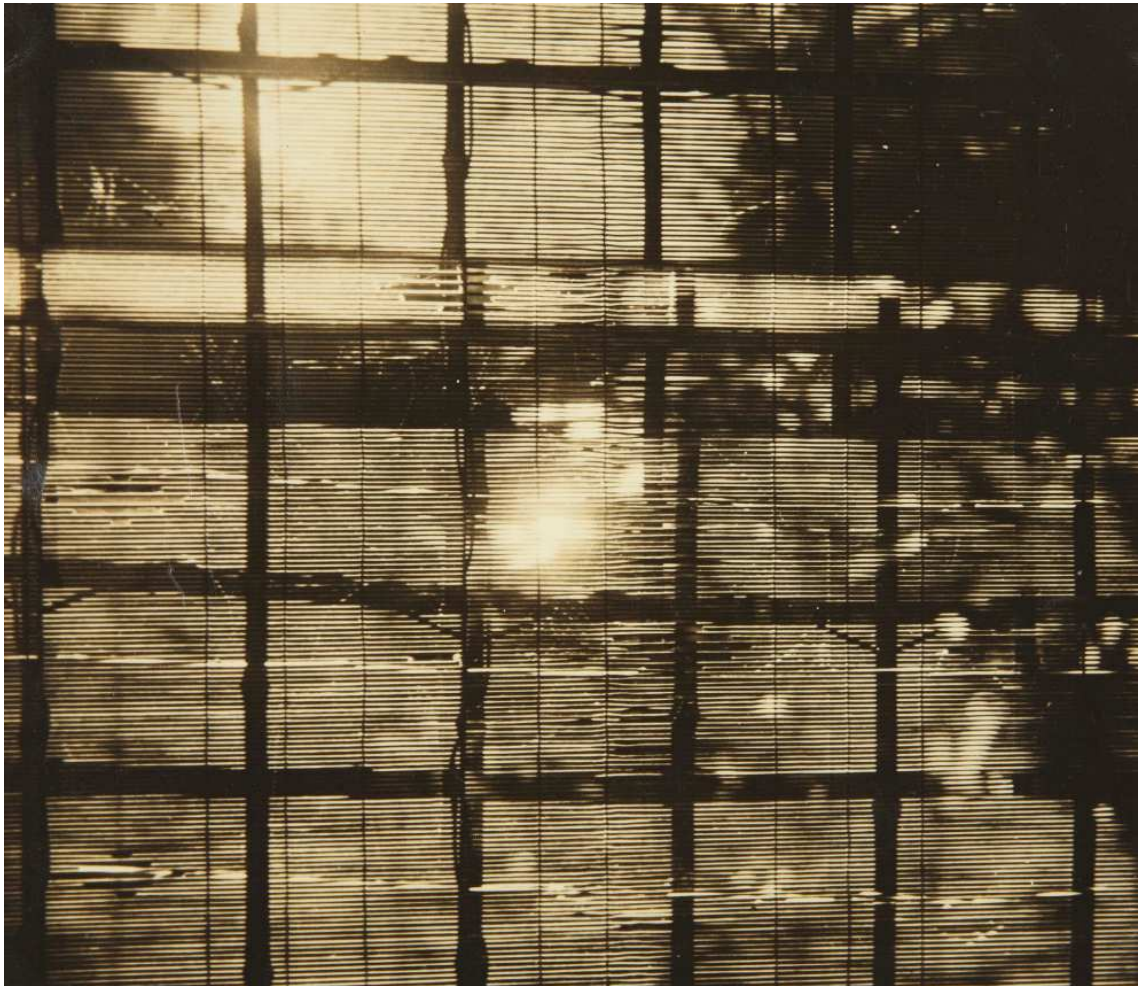


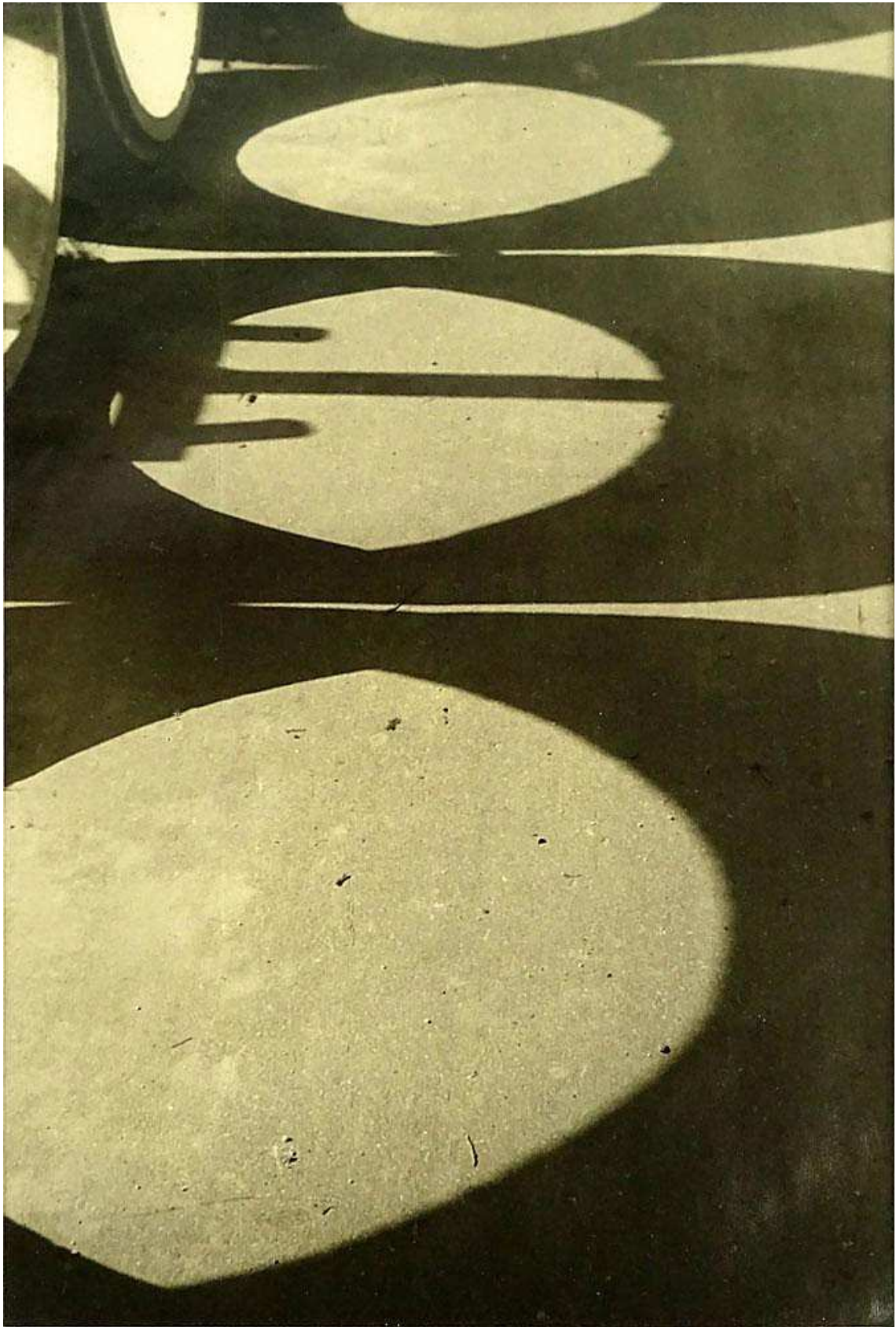


















Shoji Ueda





















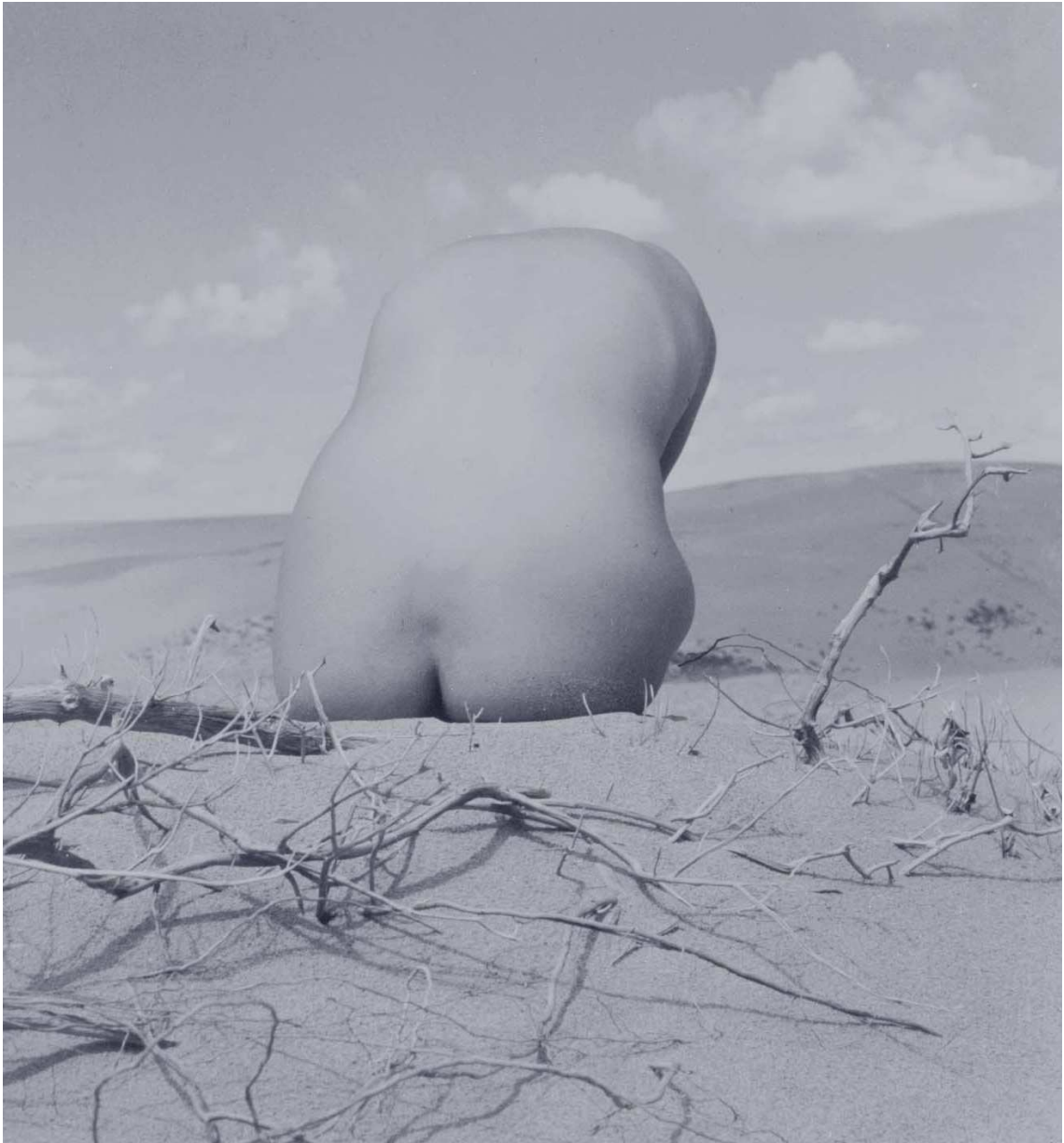














Kikuji Kawada



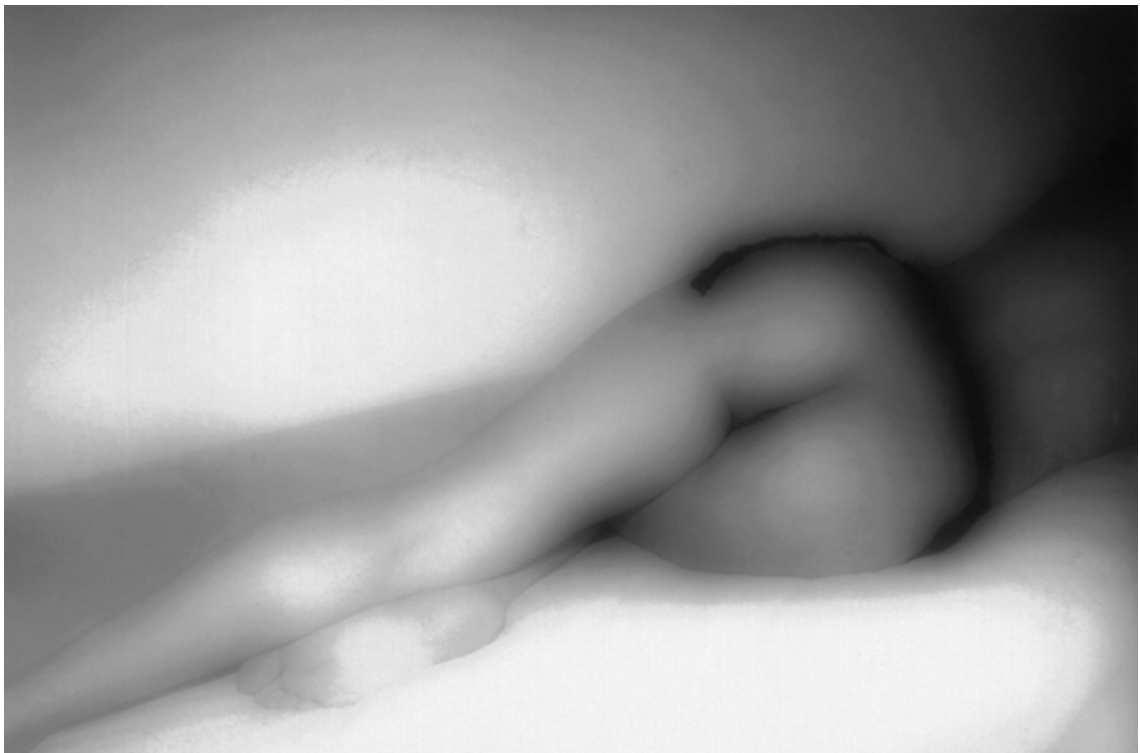


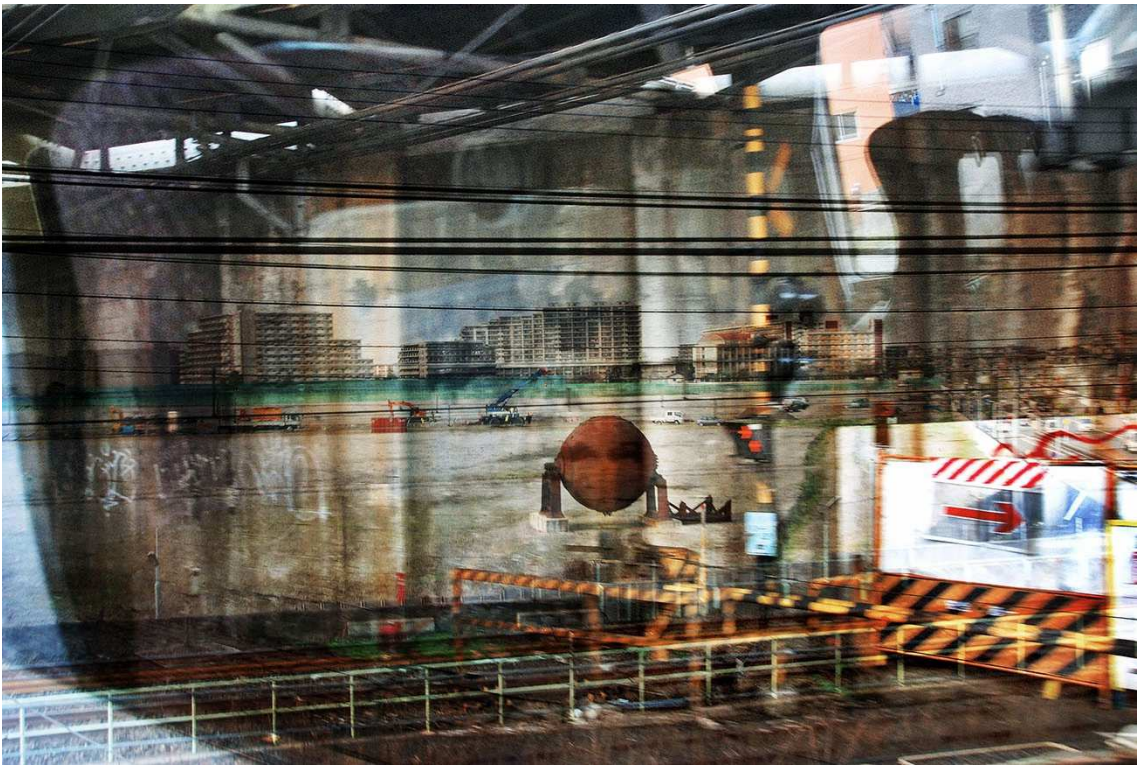






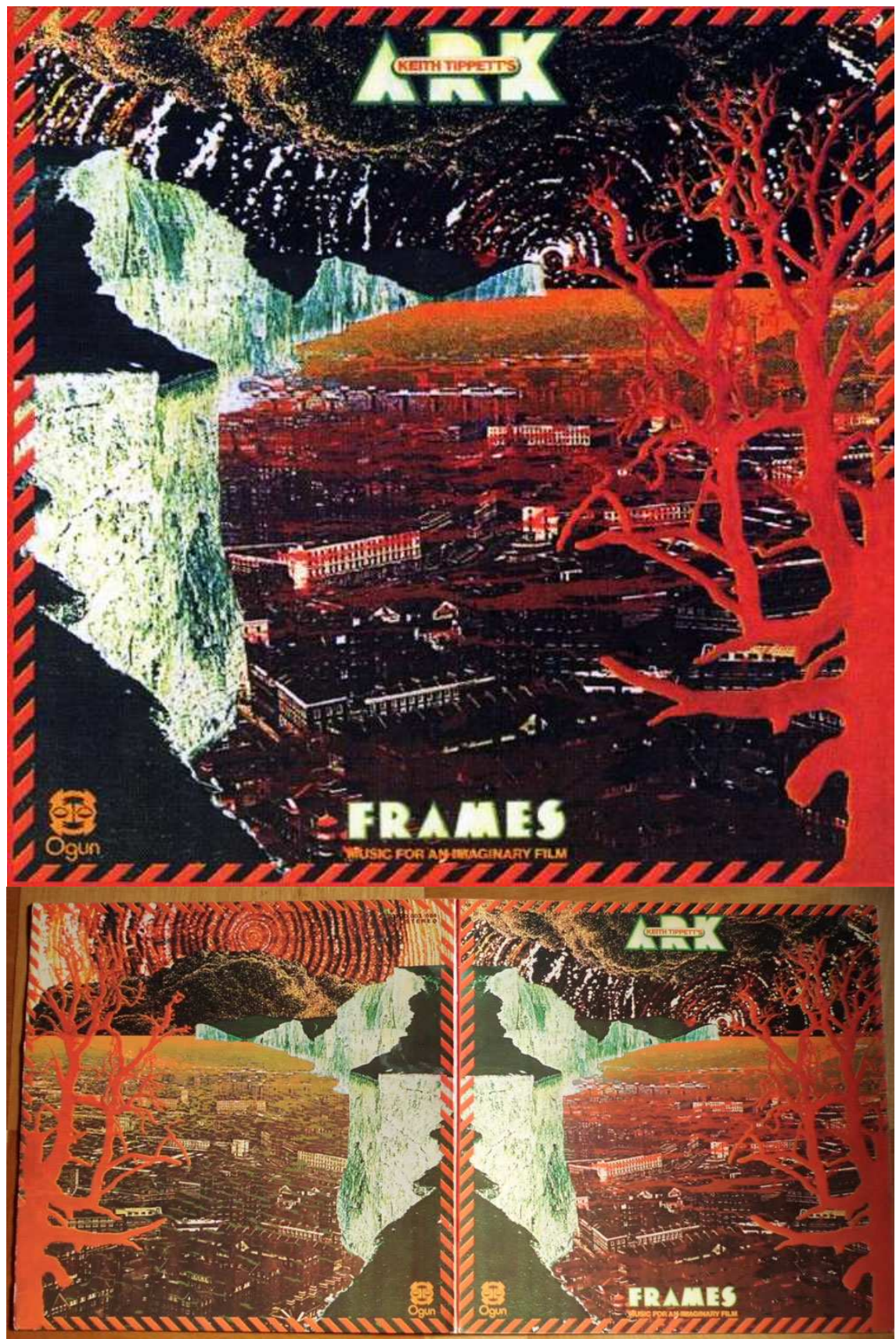












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<i>Estructuras</i>		

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